The Reformer of England.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE---"The Roaſt Beef of Old England."

COME liſten, good folks, and a tale I'll relate,
How a Stay-maker fain would have made himſelf great,
And from mending of ſtays, took to mending the State.
Oh! the Reformer of England,
And oh! the Reformer—Tom Paine!
CHORUS.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

This Stay-maker once an Exciſeman was made,
Where he learn'd all the tricks that the ſmugglers e'er play'd,
And ſome tricks of his own,—till kick'd out of that trade.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Next America ſaw him o'erflowing with ſpite,
'Gainſt the ſons of Old England he'd write and he'd write,
And brandiſh his gooſe-quill—but ne'er choſe to fight.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

When Peace once was ſettled, he'd ſtay there no more,
(For *Peace* and *Tom Paine* ne'er could live on one ſhore)
But tranſported to France made a helliſh uproar.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Now, protected by laws which he ſtrives to o'erthrow,
At Britain he aims his unnatural blow,
And would lay all the Sons of true Liberty low.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Let the Jacobins take him;—they ſoon will requite him,
Since riot and rapine, and murder delight him;
But let *us* live in peace if 'twere only to *ſpite* him.
Oh! the Reformer, &c.

Unite then, ye Britons, unite in applauſe,
To the men who ſtand forth for our rights and our laws,
And from runagate traitors defend our good cauſe,
Then up with the cauſe of Old England,
And down with the tricks of Tom Paine.

Our *true Britiſh Freedom* for ages ſhall ſtand,
In ſpite of ſedition, and *Paine's* helliſh band,
And "GOD SAVE THE KING" ſhall reſound through the land.
So God ſave the King of Old England,
And down with ſedition and Paine.
FULL CHORUS.
God ſave the King, &c.